

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FILIBUSTER.

Experiences in the Expeditions to Cuba in 1850-'52.

Organizing the Expedition—Sailing for New Orleans—Taking Cardenas—A Narrow Escape.

BY IRVIN MOSE.

In the early Spring of 1850 I, a young man, only 20 years old, full of life and adventure, was working in Cincinnati, O., as a journeyman carpenter, at a Fifth street boarding-house. It was noised around among the boys that an expedition was organizing to go to Cuba. Ready for any adventure that might present itself, I joined that expedition, and on or about April 1, 1850, with about 50 or 75 other young adventurers, boarded the afterwards-notorious ship, the steamer *Martha Washington* for New Orleans.

It was arranged that all passengers should pay a fare, but I considered myself lucky when I was told that I could go without such payment. So the *Martha Washington* drew her gang-plank, slipped her fastenings, and dropped out into the middle of the Ohio River, made a circle, and down the river we started for New Orleans.

After taking on 75 or 100 more men at Louisville, Ky., we steamed quietly down the Ohio. At New Orleans we went ashore about five miles up the river in what was then known as French Town. We were supervised out to the boarding-houses in that vicinity as they would accommodate us, and remained in New Orleans about two weeks.

Every other night of that time we would get together by appointment or by some pre-arranged plan and from line, double column, and march around and along some of the principal streets of the city for the purpose of drill.

We were quartered in the neighborhood of a two-story frame, flat-roofed house, the weatherboarding of which was put on in imitation of large stone blocks. The house was said to be haunted, and the one in which the noted highwayman Merrill once had his headquarters. It was then owned by parties in Paris, France, and at that time there was no other house within a square of it, and, if I remember, no one living in it.

THE DEPARTURE.

At last, everything being ready, we were notified to go to a certain place and get tickets for Chagres, Cal. Possibly the tickets were brought to and distributed among us, and we were told to go to Pier No. 21, and there we would find a boat to convey us to our destination, Chagres, Cal.

Our boarders gathered their traps and started, and about 11 or 12 o'clock at night we boarded the bark *Georgiana*. Among this body of adventurers, about 250 in number, there were only a very few, if any, who were not of the noblest, bravest and best young men that Ohio, Kentucky, or any other State can produce.

I lay down close to the gunwale on upper deck and tried to sleep, but there was no sleep in it for me. Just after daylight some sea-biscuit and coffee were given us, and I believe some pork was issued also, and only one stove to cook on for all of us.

Just a little while after I had finished my breakfast, and had sat down to enjoy the fresh breeze that was blowing, we struck the waves in the Gulf of Mexico, and—"My what is the matter with me, something wrong with my insides! I am deathly sick. Was it that coffee that I drank? I am not used to drinking coffee. Am I going to die right here, and no one near me to take the news home to my father and friends?"

I was deathly sea-sick until we arrived at a little island over on the coast of Yucatan. We went ashore there, and I managed to get some of a very large turtle that the officers bought of the natives. We explored the island. It was not large, so it did not take us long to do so. On the island we found some graves, and we had heard big stories about gold and silver that the Indians were in the habit of burying with their dead, so

Mansion, a two-story frame structure of modern American style and a very common building at that. We marched on beyond the Governor's house and halted. Soon orders came for my company to take position in a grocery store near by for some purpose. I never knew what. But while halted (we did not know what military discipline was) we broke ranks and each straggled around for himself, but not far away.

I went over to the Governor's house, which was about 100 yards from any other building, and with some few others went in, and while in the house Gen. Lopez came in and took a knife, I think, and made some shavings, broke the door down and into kindlings, and asked for a match, and with it set the house on fire.

From this grocery we were ordered to go to another place to guard or cut off retreat of Spanish soldiers, and in going to this place we had to pass on the sidewalk exposed to and about 75 or 100 yards from the burning building (Governor's house), and there were some Spanish soldiers yet on the roof of the house firing at us.

FIRST MAN SHOT.

When about half-way to the corner of the street, about 100 yards, as we turned north, a stray shot from the burning building killed one of my company, the second man behind me. I, with another comrade, carried him to the grocery we had just vacated. He lived only a short time after we left him.

I never knew if all the Spanish soldiers got out of that burning building, but I do know that one of them did. He came from the fire, running up to us, nearly scared to death. I never saw as perfect a picture of fright in my life. The Governor's house burned down, and the town of Cardenas was properly surrendered to us.

About the middle of the afternoon an order came for a detail of men to go to the boat and unload the freight. I was one of this detail, and on my way down to the boat I saw two of our boys, one named Kelly, who had thrown away his guns and declared the Spaniards did not do any more fighting against the Spaniards.

I also saw a list of 50 or 70 names of Cuban volunteers who were ready to do service in their country's cause for freedom.

I helped to unload awhile, when another order came to reload and go to some other part of the island. While reloading a company of Spaniards, but from the country attacked our forces in the town, and it was said by one of the boys that but one of them lived to tell the story, and he was taken prisoner, but afterwards released.

I was at the boat when this fighting was going on, and although orders came for us to go up town and reinforce, or help out in the fight, I thought it was a little safer for me just then to be loading freight, and I had no gun; so, after the freight was all loaded, I found very nice quarters and a safe place to rest for the night. All got on board, except two deserters, who got their deserts next day from Spanish authorities. We fired up, intending to go to some other part of the island. The main reason why was that the cholera had been in Havana, and the soldiers, about 4,000, had been sent to Matanzas for their health, only 400 miles distant from Cardenas. There was a railroad from Matanzas to Cardenas, but we had sent a detachment of our forces and had destroyed the railroad, so Spanish soldiers could only get to Cardenas by marching. But we thought our force—only about 600, with no cannon—was hardly enough for 4,000 well-drilled Spaniards, so, as I said before, we set out to go to some other part of the island.

HARD AGE-OUT.

It must have been 10 or 11 o'clock at night when we started, but we had to run out of the channel to avoid being met by a Spanish man-of-war, and in so doing ran aground. We tried every means known to the craft to get off, and as a last resort lightened up by throwing overboard everything loose we could find—guns, ammunition, provisions, and even private property. We unloaded some of our livestock on a large rock close by, and just about daylight the rock drifted.



A PINEAPPLE FIELD IN HAWAII.

Our illustration is a reproduction of a photograph of a pineapple field in Hawaii, showing the plant and the ripe fruit. The cultivation of the pineapple is as simple as the raising of cabbages or tomatoes. All that is required in the one case different from the other is that the pineapple requires about 22 months to mature after the slip is set, and will not endure the least frost. It is necessary, therefore, to have a field under glass, like a hothouse, or a country where it never freezes. Hawaii fills the bill. The plant produces one pineapple, which forms in the center, as a head grows on a cabbage-plant; and when the fruit is cut off the plant dies down, several

snuckers shooting up from the root. These snuckers or slips are used to plant a new field, and from each old plant five new ones are thus obtained, each of which will produce an apple in from 22 to 24 months. The plants are set about two feet apart each way, and are cultivated by scratching the ground between the rows to keep down the weeds until they spread sufficiently to shade the surface. The pineapple-plant takes kindly to sandy soil, and grows where the cereals would not do well for lack of strength. It is a very profitable crop, taking little labor, and liable to few accidents when safe from frost.

We got our livestock again on board, fired up, and started I knew not whither. After we got far enough away from the town, so as not to be seen, a council of war was held among the officers, and it was decided that, as we had to unload so much of our material, it was not prudent to return to the island anywhere. Lopez wanted to set back on the island again single-handed and alone, but he was not allowed to go, so we lowered a small boat and allowed the Governor and one or two other persons, with a box of money, as I supposed, to return to the island, and we set sail for Key West.

We ran all that day, keeping out of the track of the regular line of vessels, so as not to run into a Spanish man-of-war. We saw nothing all that day but a brig. In the night for some little time we anchored about 40 miles from Key West, skirting some little barren islands along the north side of us. In the morning, a little after sunrise, we steamed up, and, getting a pilot on board, made straight for Key West.

We had not run more than 10 miles when the smoke of a steamer was discovered off to the south of us about 20 or 25 miles distant, and it was not long before the strange steamer sighted us and changed her course and started for us. Lopez took his large glasses and looked at the stranger, and when he had satisfied himself what it was, he laughed sarcastically.

CHASED BY A MAN-O-WAR.

Then the race commenced. The Spanish steamer had been into Key West and had started out again; had discharged her pilot, and before she could make the race safely she had to get another pilot aboard. That being done, she started in earnest after us. A Spanish officer standing with a pistol ready to shoot the pilot if he failed to do his duty. A little sandbar was in the way of the man-of-war, and the pilot knew if he crossed it he would run aground, so attempted to run around it. The Spanish officer thought he was doing it to aid us, and he compelled him to cross the

AS SOON AS I GOT MY QUARTERS ESTABLISHED,

I took my soap and rice and started out to find something to eat. My appetite for the time had returned with increasing vigor, and I thought I could eat anything and digest it. The first place I struck on my way to find something to eat was the home of an old United States Sergeant, who was with the soldiers in Florida, but his kind and motherly

wife was there, and I hurried to tell her my story, and, very nearly starved from seasickness, I proposed to trade my soap and rice to her for something to eat.

The trade was soon made, and she gave me a large slice of old-fashioned wheat pone bread and butter and a cold fried fish. The bread and butter I never could eat when at home, but just now I thought I never had tasted anything that was so good in my life. The only trouble with it was that there was not enough of it.

ON THE MOVE AGAIN.

Now, the question arose, how were we going to get away from Key West? Gen. Lopez and quite a number of others left on the regular packet line steamer between the city of New York and Havana on her way to New York. Some others took small boats and struck for the mainland of Florida. I with about 50 more, among whom were about 25 native Cubans, were sent over to Tampa Bay in a fishing smack, or wrecking boat, by the good citizens of Key West, and the first night out we encountered quite a storm, and at times I was afraid we would never reach Tampa. The storm quieted after about three hours' blow, but we were driven before the wind, which took us away out of our course. The next day there being a calm, we were several days in getting to our destination—Tampa Bay. On our way, too, we got short of rations, and one of our number died very suddenly.

It was in the night about 12 o'clock that we were told that we would have to disembark and walk to Tampa. It was said we were about 15 miles from the town. I never knew why it was that the Captain of the wrecked did not take us clear up to Tampa. We did not object. We were taken ashore in small boats and landed in the night.

Some of us lay down on the beach to sleep until daylight, but there was no sleep for us; the little sand-dry would not allow it; cover up as we would, he would find his way in somehow and keep us awake. We then, in

pure desperation and self-defense, determined to try and find the town, even if it was night. So we got ready and struck out along the beach, and about daylight came to a regular Florida house, a little one story, round log structure, not inclosed by a fence of any kind. The logs were of pine with the bark on. Near that house I met a man, and I asked:

"How far is it to Tampa?"

"By," said he, "just across that stream, about 50 or 75 yards ahead of you," pointing to the town. "That is Tampa."

I never was so surprised in my life. I expected to see a place something like a northern town, instead of which there were only about a dozen just such houses as described above, some double houses, some old Government buildings partly decayed, a store or two and a saw-mill. The inhabitants took us right in, fed us, gave us something to eat and drink, and without charge, for we had no money, or at least I had not.

After taking small boats and crossing the river, which was a dark-colored, sluggish stream of water, inclosed by low banks, and about 50 yards wide, we were taken to a boarding-house kept by a native of the country, if my memory serves me right. A more generous hearted, noble specimen of manliness never existed. Nothing was too good for us; every attention was paid to us, and without price. We sat up and ate breakfast from the best the country afforded. We lounged around that day, and got our dinners, suppers and breakfast the next morning. Only about a dozen put up at this hotel.

The first night I slept in Florida, or tried to sleep. I was kept awake by something that kept up the entire night a scream of "chuck-will-widder, chuck-will-widder." I was actually afraid for my life. There seemed to be thousands of them. I could not sleep, but I reasoned that if they did not kill others they would not hurt me, and the first thing in the morning I inquired about these animals that kept me awake all night, and was informed that the creature that made that peculiar noise was nothing but a harmless bird similar to the whippoorwill. But it was many nights before I could sleep well for their chuck-will-widders.

On the next morning after we arrived in the town of Tampa we started in gangs of two, three, or four up through the country on our way back to our homes.

(To be continued.)

LADIES OF THE G.A.R.

The National Corresponding Secretary Writes of the Year's Work.

Editor National Tribune: I glean the following items from General Order 4 of Flora M. Davey, National President, Ladies of the G.A.R.:

The 12th National Convention will be held at Odd Fellows Temple, corner Seventh and Elm streets, Cincinnati, and will be called to order Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 9:30 o'clock.

National Headquarters will be established at the Grand Hotel, Rooms 118, 120, 122. The Ladies of the G.A.R. parlor is numbered 104, where a Committee will be in attendance to welcome all.

The Council of Administration will meet at National Headquarters, Room 118, Sept. 6, at 2 p. m.

Reports of Department Chairmen, not yet forwarded, must be sent at once to National Chairman, Mrs. Melinda B. Cummings, Kingsbury, Okla.

Inspectors who have not already done so, will at once forward a report of their work to National Inspector, Mrs. Agnes J. Winslow, Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

The announcement of appointment as Chairman of committees is as follows: Mrs. Julia E. Lobell, Minneapolis, Committee on Greetings, and Mrs. T. J. Springer, Chicago, Committee on Convention Press Work.

National President Davey eloquently appeals to the patriotism of the Order as follows:

Sisters: War, with its horrors, is upon us once more. We are ordered to stand bound, not only by the claims of humanity, but because of the heritage that is ours, because of the services of our very own, to do all in our power to alleviate the suffering and distress that so surely follow war. None except those whose fathers, sons, or brothers are at the front can better appreciate the ills which follow war than the members of this organization. Many Departments and Circles have already established a war fund for the relief of soldiers' families, and it is hoped that every Circle will share in this most worthy work.

I am glad to be able to report a grand progress for our Order under the leadership of our loved National President, Flora M. Davey. Not only in increased membership is this progress manifested, but in the hundreds of friends she has won for us from the ranks of those who either violently opposed our organization during the p. s. t., or who looked upon our work with indifference. By refined and courteous treatment of all with whom she has been associated, by the almost powerful grace of her presence, and the power of a bright intelligence, Sister Davey has gained recognition and courteous treatment for our Order from the Grand Army of the Republic.

In the Departments of Kansas, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma and Colorado many letters received show a gratifying progress along these lines. The Department of Colorado, at its Fifth Annual Convention, recently held, was honored by the presence of the National President.

The W.R.C., which was in session at the same time, entertained their National President, Mrs. Sarah J. Martin, and the exchange of courtesies between these two representative ladies was a feature long to be remembered—Mary E. Cromley, National Corresponding Secretary, Leadville, Colo.

"Imperialism." A partial census of the leading papers of the country made by Public Opinion show 29 papers favoring territorial expansion and the retention of the Philippines. Of these 19 are Republican; six Democrat, one Populist and three Independent.

Those opposed to annexation are 18, of which three are Republican, seven Democrat, three Independent, and three Silver. Those wavering are 21, of which six are Republican, 11 Democrat, and four Independent.

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In addition to the watch we send in every instance a handsome chain and charm, so that the outfit is ready to put on and wear as soon as received.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTES.



The Other Side.

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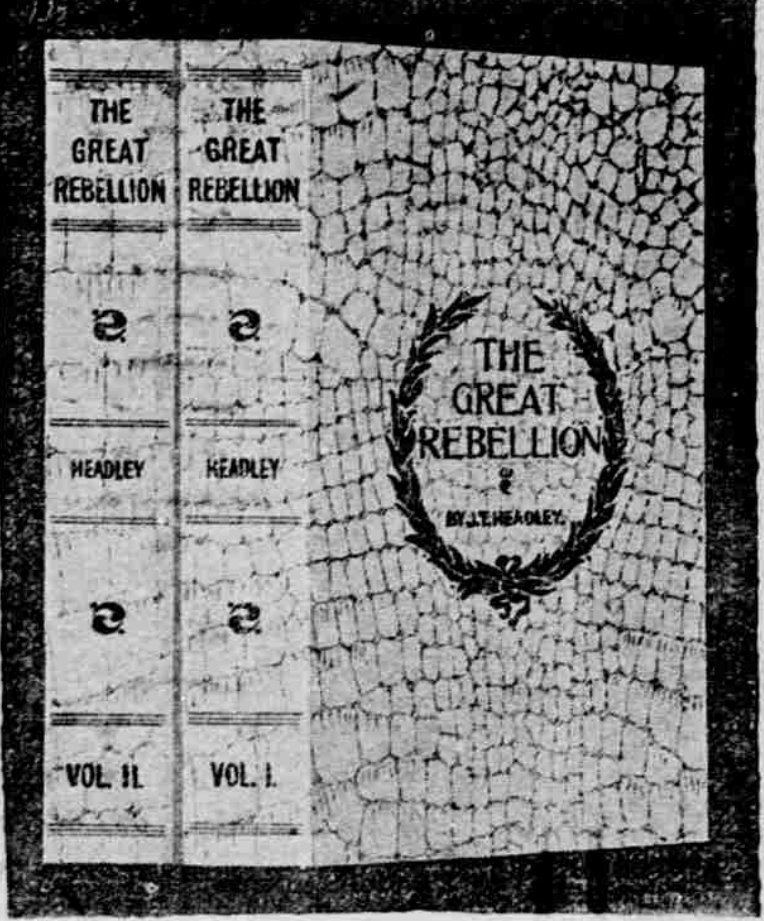
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